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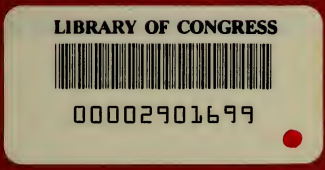

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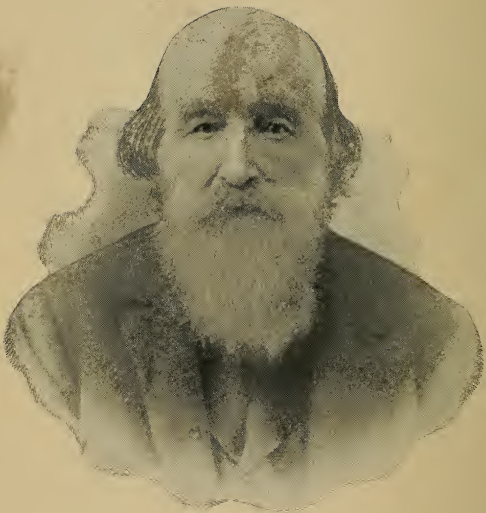
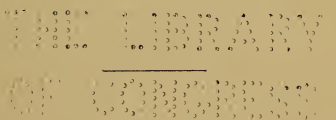


A. W. Gantt

Memoirs of A. J. Gault,

Author of

"Twenty Years Ago," "The Old Brown Barn," "The Old Cherry Tree," and hundreds of other poems.



COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY HIS SON,
ANDREW W. GAULT.

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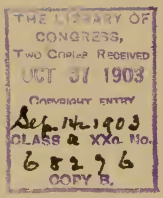

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PREFACE.

In publishing this book it is not the intention to include all the poems written by Mr. Gault. To do so would require a volume many times the size of this little book. It is simply my aim to give to the public his choicest poetical productions and at the same time to perpetuate his name and place the authorship of "Twenty Years Ago" where it rightfully belongs. Should this little volume meet with a ready sale, perhaps, at some future time, the balance of my late father's poems may be given to the world in a volume of increased size.

A. W. GAULT.

Calamus, Iowa, August 15th, 1903.

AFFIDAVIT OF AUTHORSHIP.

STATE OF KANSAS } ss.
MARSHALL COUNTY. }

I, Mrs. Emeline Eaton, being duly sworn, on oath depose and say that I am a sister of A. J. Gault, deceased, late of Wheatland, Clinton County, Iowa; that the said A. J. Gault was the author of the poem "Twenty Years Ago," which commences as follows: "I've wandered to the village, Tom, I've sat beneath the tree," etc.; that the poem was a letter written to my brother, Thomas Gault; that I at one time had the original manuscript in my possession and that the same has either been lost or taken by parties unknown to me.

EMELINE N. EATON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of June, 1903.

J. M. SHUMATE,

[NOTARIAL SEAL.] Notary Public.

Term expires December 8th, 1906.

NOTE—The original affidavit is now in my possession.

A. W. GAULT.

BIOGRAPHY.

ANDREW JACKSON GAULT was born in Jackson, Washington county, New York, October 4, 1818. When he was two years of age, the house with all its contents was destroyed by fire and the family moved to Arlington, Vermont, where he resided until he was 25 years of age. His paternal grandfather fought with the patriots in their struggle to throw off the yoke of George III, participating in the battle of Bunker Hill and being near the brave Warren when he fell. At the close of the war, Mr. Gault's grandfather settled in Pembroke, N. H., where, in 1788, Samuel Gault, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born. At the age of maturity Samuel Gault married Mehitable Sargeant, who was born in Concord, N. H., June 4, 1794. Samuel Gault joined with the American patriots in their second struggle with England—the war of 1812.

To this couple were born nine children, A. J. Gault being the fourth son. Tom, mentioned in "Twenty Years Ago," was the sixth child, the others in the order of their birth being Jose, Thankful, James, Martha, Harmon, Gilbert and Emeline. The paternal ancestors of Mr. Gault came from Ireland, while those on his mother's side were natives of France.

A. J. Gault attended school near Arlington, Vermont, until he was 16 years of age, or as he used to say, "I attended school a part of the time and a part of the time I spent catching speckled trout and roaming over the

green-capped mountains for game." He had no inclination to join in large social gatherings, but preferred to be alone with Nature. At these times thoughts came to him which he jotted down in rhyme on a piece of birch bark, or anything that came handy, and it was at these times when the spell of nature was upon him, that some of his best productions were written.

It was when about 16 years of age that Mr. Gault first endeavored to earn his living by working at a trade. He first tried shoemaking, and, as was the custom in those days, went from house to house carrying his kit on his back. This did not pay, so he tried stone cutting. Sickness soon put an end to this work and at the age of 25 he learned bricklaying and plastering, by which, with the exception of a few years, he made his living up to 1881. His parents, like many others in those days, were poor and the children were forced early in life to shift for themselves. Thomas went to work as a marble cutter in Otsego county, New York. Tom was very careless in writing home, and paid little attention to the ordinary letters written to him by his family. A. J. Gault decided to write him a touching letter, describing a visit to the old log school house where they as boys had attended school to see if it would not bring a reply. Thus "Twenty Years Ago" was written. The school house described in the poem really did exist on the banks of the Battenkill river, eight miles from Arlington. Every incident in the poem was true to life. "The benches their jack-knives had defaced;" "the spring that bubbled 'neath the hill;" "the tree upon which the name was cut"–all were real. The only fiction about the poem was the fact that 20 years had not elapsed from the time the brothers attended school until the poem was written. The poem was published, without the author's name, in

a local paper, and thus it found its way into print. Some years later Mr. Gault wrote another letter in rhyme to Tom, which appears in this book, entitled "Let's Not Forget Each Other."

When 37 years of age, Mr. Gault left New England and arrived in Clinton, Iowa, December 12th, 1855. Here he resided three years to a day, moving to Wheatland, Iowa, December 12th, 1858. At this time a railroad, now the Chicago & Northwestern, was being built west from Clinton. Mr. Gault found employment in helping build this road. This, of course, took him westward and finding Wheatland at that time a lively and prosperous village, he decided to locate there, where he resided up to the time of his death. Here he worked at his trade of bricklaying and plastering until 1861.

After a few months of unsuccessful management, the Wheatland Times was sold to Mr. Gault, who changed the name to the Clinton County Advocate and edited the paper from 1861 to 1865. From then until 1881 he worked at the mason trade. Then Wheatland being again without a newspaper, a stock company was formed and the Spectator established, with Mr. Gault as editor. With the exception of about four years, he edited this paper about seventeen years, retiring in 1901 at the age of nearly 82. The last few months that he was in business his health began to fail and from then up to the time of his death he was quite feeble. He was confined to his bed five weeks and died in Wheatland, Iowa, Wednesday, February 11th, 1903. His funeral was held in the German Reformed Church, February 13th, the remains being laid to rest in the English cemetery, just west of the town of Wheatland.

When 24 years of age Mr. Gault was married to Miss Arminda Maynard, in Arlington, Vt. She lived but a

short time and in 1847 he married Miss Laura Eaton. Again in Clinton, Iowa, April 29th, 1866, he married Olive (Eaton) Colby. To this latter union was born, Andrew W. Gault, the compiler of this work and now publisher of the Calamus Record. By A. W. Gault, deceased had three grand-children: Andrew J., Grace O., and Merle L. Olive Gault died in November, 1884 and April 16th, 1885, Mr. Gault married Mrs. Anna Meyer who survives him.

Mr. Gault was the author of several hundred poems. "Twenty Years Ago" brought him $5, one other poem $25 and this is all the money he ever received from his poetical works.

"May he meet with those he loved,
Just twenty years ago."

THOMAS GAULT.
"Brother Tom."

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I'VE wandered to the village, Tom; I've sat
beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house playing-ground, that
sheltered you and me;
But few were left to greet me, Tom, and
none were left to know,
Who played with us upon the "green," just
twenty years ago.

I passed along the river, Tom, where weeping
willows grew,
And sat beneath their shadows cool, as
we did, I and you;
And gazed upon the sparkling stream
where oft' we used to go,
To catch the chub and speckled trout,
just twenty years ago.

The grass was just as green then, Tom;
bare-footed boys at play
Were sporting just as we had been, with
spirits just as gay.
The master sleeps upon the hill, which
coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place some twenty
years ago.

The old school-house is altered some;
the benches are replaced
By new ones, very like the same our
jack-knife had defaced.
The same clapboards are on the wall, the
bell swings to and fro—
It's music just the same, dear Tom, 'twas
twenty years ago.

The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
close by the spreading beech,
Is very low—'twas once so high that we
could hardly reach—
And kneeling down to take a drink,
dear Tom, I started so,
To see how very much I'd changed since
twenty years ago.

Near by that spring upon a beech, you know
I cut your name;
Your sweetheart just beneath it, Tom—
and you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch had girdled it—'twas
dying sure but slow,
Just like the one whose name you cut
some twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom, but
tears come in my eyes—
I think of her I loved so well—those
early broken ties;
I visited the old churchyard, and took
some flowers to strow
Upon the graves of those we loved just
twenty years ago.

Some are in the churchyard laid, some
sleep beneath the sea,
And none are left of our old class, excepting
you and me;
And when our time shall come, Tom,
and we are called to go,
O, may we meet with those we loved
just twenty years ago.

LET'S NOT FORGET EACH OTHER.

REMEMBER we were brothers, Tom—
That we were boys together.
We had our sports and quarrels, Tom,
In fair and stormy weather.

Oh, well can I remember, Tom,
How o'er the steep hill-side
We've wandered many a day, Tom,
In all our youthful pride.

I well can mind the squirrels, Tom,
We've chased o'er hill and mountain;
I recollect the fishes, Tom,
That filled the crystal fountain.

Most glorious times we had then, Tom,
A good and kind old mother;
And oft' she used to spank us, Tom,
Let's not forget—each other.

I remember all those places, Tom,
Where you and I have wandered;
I remember all the pennies, Tom,
At musters we have squandered.

Those times to us are past now, Tom,
Life's weary way before us;
Remember we are brothers, Tom,
When troubles gather o'er us.

My head is growing bald now, Tom,
My beard is turning gray;
The happiest time I've had yet, Tom,
Was life's young summer day.

Remember age comes o'er us, Tom,
We're growing old together.
We may forget our troubles, Tom,
Let's not forget each other.

WHAT I LIKE.

I like a friend that's true and steady,
I like a hand that's always ready;
Though free to give, as free to take
In friendship's name, for friendship sake.

I like to see when troubles spread
Like darkest clouds around our head,
And all around looks dark and drear,
A steadfast friend to hover near.

Who with kind acts would cheer our lot
And bid our troubles be forgot.
A hand that's true and kind, to clasp
The hand of friend in friendly grasp.

Be the hand dark or be it white,
If all its deeds are honest, right—
Hard hand or soft hand let it be;
A ready hand is the hand for me.

I like to see a person's acts
Agree in precept; deal in facts.
There's none so rich, so great, or proud
But some kind friend must make his shroud.

We're all dependent on each other,
Some in one way, some another.
Then let us live while yet we're here,
So that some friend will drop a tear
O'er us, when laid beneath the sod
Our body is, our soul with God.

A friend in need, if never sought,
Is of more worth than gold e'er bought.
If such an one we e'er call friend
Let naught but death the compact end.

A kind word spoken where distress
Has marked its victims, often bless
The speaker through all coming years,
For causing smiles, where once were tears.

I like a friend that's true and steady ;
I like a hand that's always ready;
Dark hand or white hand let it be,
Hard hand or soft hand, give it me.

It matters not though rings of gold
Ne'er clasped that hand, I'd ever hold
Those honest fingers dearer far
Than diamonds gleaming like a star.
With such a friend I'd never part
While one pulse-throb beats from my heart.

THE OLD CHERRY TREE.

HOW dear to my mem'ry is the valley so sweet,
In a far distant country where the bright waters meet;
Where the brooklets in summer flow sparkling along
By the green forests shaded, where the birds sing their song.

Where the cot of my father stood long, long ago,
In the midst of the garden where the white roses grow;
Where my mother stood, smiling, on her well sanded floor,
And watched the boys playing near the old cottage door.

O mother, dear mother, how pleasing the thought
Of that narrow, green valley and the old log built cot,
Where the sun shines in splendor over fields rich and green,
And the wild daisies blossom by the bright rippling stream.

My heart loves to linger near my childhood's old home,
In the narrow green valley where my feet used to roam;
In the garden where cherries hung so tempting and red,
From the old mossy branches so high o'er my head.

O sweet is the mem'ry, though long years have flown
Since I played in the moonlight, 'round that dear cottage home;
Or heard in the springtime the bright warblers sing,
And breathed in the incense of the soft air of spring.

The heavens seemed nearer, and the stars shone more
bright;
The days all seemed longer, and still longer, the night.
And the time seemed far distant when a man I should be,
And go forth in the wide world, all untramelled and free.

Now years have flown over and have frosted my hair,
(For life's not all sunshine, without sorrow or care;)
Yet my thoughts love to linger near my old valley home
In the sweet summer garden—where the cherry trees
bloom.

Where my father and mother watched over my youth,
And taught me sweet lessons of virtue and truth,
Where my sweet little sisters, so blithsome and gay,
Make the long winter evenings as happy as May.

Though I've roamed over mountains and have classic
lands trod;
Have sailed on the ocean and have crossed prairies broad;
No place in the wide world so dear is to me
As that old smiling garden, and its tall cherry tree.

THE OLD BROWN BARN.

'TIS fifty years since last I saw
The old brown barn beneath the hill,
And saw the lively swallows flit
Around its roof, in evenings still.

'Tis fifty years, and yet it seems
That I can see it, old and gray,
And hear the children's merry shout
While playing on the new made hay.

I see its beams and rafters, all,
And see the stalls where oxen fed;
The threshing floor, its spacious bay,
Its scaffold high above my head.

I see the swallows' nests above,
While in and out the swallows flit,
And see them sitting on their nests,
And hear their cry of "vit, vit, vit."

'Tis fifty years, and yet, the barn,
The lofty trees which stood around,
The barn-yard gate, the well worn path,
All seem to me like hallowed ground.

Then I was young—no thought of care
Had set its seal upon my brow;
I romped and played the live-long day
On that old floor and dusty mow,

Or sat beside its open door,
Beneath the calm, blue evening sky,
In summer's eve, when all was still,
And watched the tittering swallows fly.

While in and out, and up and down,
Swift as an arrow from the bow,
They skim the ground; then up again,
In airy circles off they go.

While life shall last I'll ne'er forget
The old brown barn beneath the hills
In far New England's rugged clime,
Among her mountains, rocks and rills.

Though half a continent were spread
Between me and my childhood's home,
I'd still revere that hallowed spot,
Though I on golden sands might roam.

I'll ne'er forget those meadows, sweet,
Where waving grass with blossoms gay
Invites the men at early dawn
With scythe to cut and make the hay.

While boys would take the spreading stick
And knock the green swaths all about;
Beguile the summer hours away,
With boyish pranks we'd work and shout.

Then if perhaps the bumblebee,
Beneath a stump beside the ditch,
Had stored his food with frugal care,
How quick we'd start, for each a switch.

Then, armed with birch or beechen bough,
Back to the stump again we'd run
And charge, withdraw and charge again;
Sometimes the bees would give us fun.

Behind the ear, or on the nose,
In every place they'd give a poke—
And then the dinner horn would sound
And we'd go home to tell the joke.

And then when after dinner came;
The hay all dry and fit to haul;
The men would take the rakes and go,
And we'd come down with "Brin" and "Ball."

Then when the hay was raked and rolled
And ready on the cart to throw,
Big Bill would pitch the ponderous load,
And to the barn away we'd go.

And then what fun to run and jump
Upon the fragrant, new made hay!
To mow away, they called it then,
We boys would always call it play.

Then, when the barn was filled chuck full
Of hay and oats and wheat and rye,
What fun to hunt the black hen's nest
Away up on the scaffold high.

And when the autumn days had come,
We'd range along the old barn floor
The heavy sheaves of golden corn—
The bounteous gift of nature's store.

We'd gather pumpkins large and smooth
And range them on the other side
For seats to sit on while we'd husk
And talk and laugh in joy and pride.

A jolly husking bee we'll have,
At least, I'm very sure we will;
For dad's invited Joe and Josh
And Ebenezer's Pete and Bill.

And Sally Graham's coming, too;
And Jane and Mary, 'Liza Ann,
And Uncle Eben's young folks all
Are coming certain if they can.

And mother's baked her pumpkin pies,
And ginger bread—a whole pan full,
And father'll pass the cider round
And hand it along by cans full.

Oh! what a jolly time we'll have,
Husking corn out there together!
I know we'll husk till clear midnight—
Husking red ears too, I never!

There's Abby Jane out by the door,
Has found a red ear sure as fun;
Her blushing cheek tempts all to kiss,
But Johnny Gray's the favored one.

In youthful sport the evening passed,
As we the bushel baskets fill;
With happy glee the barn resounds—
The old brown barn beneath the hill.

Our work near done, with pleasant strife
We'd thicker gather 'round the pile,
Then by our side some blue-eyed miss
Would nestle close with roguish smile.

And when at last our work was done,
The corn all husked and in the bin;
Up to the house we'd all repair,
And wake the echoes coming in.

And there the kitchen table spread
With pumpkin pies as rich as cream
And doughnuts beautifully brown;
Such gingerbread was never seen.

Invites each guest, with welcome warm,
To eat the ample food prepared;
And soon we gather 'round the board
And in the luscious viands shared.

We boys would joke the blushing girls,
And tell how hard they worked to find
The bright red ears of corn that night—
Then make believe they'd found the kind.

We'd tell how John and merry Kate
Kept close together all the while,
So busy talking by themselves;
Did not help much to husk the pile!

The supper o'er, the tables cleared,
Full many a merry game we'd play;
Our youthful hearts beat happy then,
We'd play and sing till break of day.

And then again, when winter's snows
The ground had whitened all around,
How well we recollect the floor
Where father's flail would oft resound.

Where straight in rows, the heads inside,
The heavy bundles nicely lie;
While every blow the flail would give
Would make the kernels quickly fly.

Ten thousand mem'ries fill my heart,
And fond emotions cluster still
Around that well remembered home—
And old brown barn beneath the hill.

THE VILLAGE GREEN.

THE village green in Arlington,
Close by the Battenkill;
A dear and well remembered spot
Among Vermont's old hills—
Where I in youth was wont to play
With loved playmates the livelong day.

Ah! well can I remember yet
Though many years have fled,
And we are parted far and wide,
The living and the dead;
Full well I recollect those scenes
Upon the rustic village green.

I recollect the old school house,
Its gray roof yet appears
As plain to me as when I crossed
Its well-worn threshold dear;

Its tall-backed desks seem just as fair;
The dunce-block and the teacher's chair.

The teacher, too, I recollect,
With spectacles on nose;
His old blue coat and yellow vest,
His buckle shoes and hose.
And as I write, again it seems,
I'm romping on the village green.

The old school master (bless his name)
A whisper quick would check,
And set our hearts to throbbing fast
By looking o'er his specs.
We'd sit as still as boys in church
If he but touched the supple birch.

The village green was broad and fair
And pleasant to the view;
Where from a tall pole waved our flag,
Our loved "red, white and blue."
And many paths across the sod
Told where the people worshipped God.

The old white church—I see it yet,
Its pulpit large and high,
Where our old parson preached the way
"To realms beyond the sky;"
And taught us all at Sunday school
To live and act the golden rule.

It seems that now, though years have passed
In busy toil and strife,
That I can see the cottage row
Where in my youthful life
It overlooked the happy scene
Upon the smiling village green.

The Battenkill, whose waters lave
The green and flowery shore
Of our play ground, I see as plain
As e'er in days of yore.
And I can see the bridge, it seems,
Which crossed the rippling, sparkling stream.

That stream where oft in youth we stood,
My young schoolmates and I,
And cast our lines upon the flood
With barbed hook and fly;
And then we'd skip the tempting bait
And for the "jump" so patient wait.

At last, hurrah! the speckled trout
Darts like a flash of light—
He takes the hook, and in his gills
'Tis fast! he starts for flight;
We'd fear he'd cut or break the strands
E'er we could land him on the sands.

Though forty years have passed since when
In all our youthful pride,
We've had our sports upon the green,
Or by the river side;
When all our lives were full of joy,
A merry, happy, wild school boy.

Lives there a man who does not love
In thought to wander back
Along the path of time, and view
Bright spots along the track?
Nor can recall those happy scenes
Of youth along the village green?

If so, we pity such a man,
For half life's pleasure's lost;

To him the world must seem so dark,
And life a heavy cost.
For sins he's done he feels the rod,
Or curse of an avenging God.

HE'S RICH.

I oft' have wondered how some men get rich,
And get upon life's history's page some niche,
Where all their virtues meet the gaze
Of wondering mortals, and the praise
Of sycophants who bow the head
"In honor to the noble dead"—
He's rich!

I've seen the same rich man the poor despise,
With hand clasped tightly o'er his gold—his prize—
The cry of want would pass his door,
He heeds it not, 'tis but the poor
Who ask for bread; why should he give?
What matters it how they die or live?
He's rich!

Again I've seen the same rich man subscribe
His hundreds for some popular scheme, with pride—
For now he knows his name will sound,
And "every penny make a pound;"
And he a monied king will be;
He'll wake up in eternity
So rich!

We find a sample of the man in Dives;
The poor also, in holy writ—both lives
Are there portrayed; their future bliss

Is there displayed; who envies this?
The purse proud knave who found in hell
A recompense? The poor it tells
Was rich.

THE OLD COW BELL.

HOW sweet the sound comes to the ear,
Now low and soft, now loud and clear;
Then far away its music swells,
O! how I love those tinkling bells.

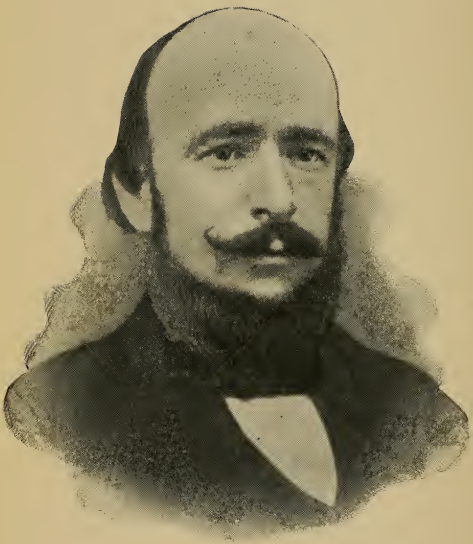
They bring to mind those happy hours
We've sat beneath the woodland bowers,
And listened to the songs we heard
Among the trees, from warbling birds.

They bring to mind the sweet spring time;
The soft south breeze and bright sunshine,
The sweet green grass, the flowers of spring,
All blended with the old bell's ring.

It brings to mind our childhood home;
The hills and dales through which we've roamed;
The orchard with its mossy trees—
The robes of flowers; the busy bees.

We hear the merry cow-boy's song,
And see the cattle move along;
The chipmunk darting through the wall,
Or up the maple smooth and tall.

We see the merry, laughing girls,
With bright blue eyes, and glossy curls;
Sweet Mary, Martha, Kate and Ann
Come out to milk with pail in hand.



A. J. GAULT AT 40.

We hear their voices pure and sweet,
And in our thoughts we seem to meet
Our childhood playmates, loved so well;
It all comes through that tinkling bell.

When I look back through years of time
To boyhood dreams and youthful prime,
I feel that I've not lived amiss
Or pained a heart in writing this.

Though four times twenty years have fled
And left their impress on my head;
I love on youthful scenes to dwell,
And listen for that old cow bell.

THERE'S FROST ON THE WINDOW.

I sat by the stove one winter night,
Outside 'twas frosty, keen and chill;
I watched the shadows spread over the glass,
All sparkling and darting, with buoyant will.

The earth was covered with glist'ning snow;
The moon shone forth in silvery light;
But shed no warmth on the wintry air
On that cold and dreary, cloudless night.

My fancy helped the frost shadows flit
Across the bright, glist'ning window pane,
And mountains, forests and fields I saw—
A frost painted landscape of hill and plain.

A forest of pines in the distance stood;
On either hand stood the tow'ring forms
Of lofty mountains, noble and grand,
Whose tops seemed to battle with clouds and storms.

In the foreground, standing in bold relief,
The once white tents of the Red men were seen—
Who seemed to be cooking the evening meal
Before the door, in a valley of green.

A stream ran close by their camping ground,
And moored in many a sheltered nook,
The frost had pictured their bark canoes,
As fair as a page in a picture book.

And back in the distant pines I saw
The antlered buck and his dusky doe,
Who stood and gazed on the busy scene,
Then off like the wind they bounding go.

And an eagle swooped from his craggy perch
On the rocky peak of a mountain high,
With outspread wing and headlong speed,
Broad circles cut 'neath the clear blue sky.

The picture is past, I'd studied well;
Yet all of its points I never saw—
My wife had built up a rousing fire—
The pictures had melted away in the thaw.

Just like the frost on the window pane
Is life—a shadow on eternity's page;
A picture sketched on the glass of time—
A breath sweeps by and the picture fades.

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

WE'VE often thought, as age comes o'er us,
Of youthful days we've spent in glee,
And often think the days before us
Are meant for us as one grand chorus,
And ending with a jubilee.

In school boy days we loved to ramble
O'er meadows on the steep hillside;
Gath'ring flowers 'mong the brambles,
Joining in a merry scramble
With merry playmates by our side.

Age may cross our brows with furrows;
May stiffen every joint with pain;
Still we love to think or borrow
Happiness to come to-morrow,
Thinking of our youth again.

Though clouds of sorrow gather o'er us,
Or friends forsake us every day;
Still our youth shall seem before us,
Tune our heart to joyous chorus,
As in youth's blissful summer day.

Still in mind we'll climb the mountain
Where sweet huckleberries grew;
Still within the crystal fountain
Cast our line for speckled trouting,
Think of youth's pleasures ever new.

Though nearly four-score years have flown
With me o'er life's tempestuous sea,
And far am I from youthful home—
My thoughts will wander back alone—
Youth's scenes are dearest far to me.

BUTTERFLY AND ANT.

A busy ant all summer long
Had worked from morn till night;
Laying up a stock of corn,
Preparing for cold winter's storms,
For winter's dreary flight.

A butterfly sat cheerily
Watching her neighbor work;
And she said quite sneeringly,
Watching work is wearying me,
And up she got with a jerk.

Work on, poor ant, for me, I'll rest—
The winter won't be long,
I have my rose, I like it best,
It's sweets all winter I will test
And sing my summer songs.

But winter came; the ant foresaw
The storms of snow and sleet,
For well she knew that nature's law
Would cause the ground to freeze and thaw,
With nothing left to eat.

The gaudy wings of butterfly
Could not protect the dame;
It did no good for her to cry—
The winter storms were passing by,
And frosty mornings came.

Her rose was withered and her seat
Among its petals, fled.
She had no home nor aught to eat,
No place to warm her freezing feet,
And quickly she was dead.

Not so the ant; her winter store
Was gathered neat and trim;
She cared for stormy days no more,
She shut and bolted fast her door,
Secure from wintery wind.

If you can see a moral here,
Obey it if you can;
Work while yet the skies are clear—
For summer comes but once a year
To butterfly, ant or man.

WITCHCRAFT.

OUR history tells that long ago,
While yet our western fields were trod
By Indian feet and buffalo,
No white man's plow had turned the sod.

No white man yet had crossed these plains,
And nature reigned supreme o'er all;
And barren yet these fields, no grain
Before the scythe or reaper falls.

No Christian preached the word of God,
To soothe the land so full of woe;
The storms that swept these prairies broad,
But spake the Indians' Manito.

Yet far back east a pious flock
Had crossed the wide Atlantic's wave,
And landed on old Plymouth Rock,
Each eager dying souls to save.

To preach the Saviour crucified,
To teach the heathen heaven's plan,
Whose King upon the cross had died
To save poor sinful, fallen man.

Their churches reared their forms on high;
The aisles by humble feet were trod,

From pew and pulpit swells the cry,
Good will to man and praise to God.

Most zealous, too, were they to bless
The land and people far and wide;
To overturn all wickedness,
And all the witches burn, besides.

For in those days, say ancient books,
The land was cursed and overrun
By witches, found in every nook,
Who many "hellish arts" begun.

Those pious men of Salem old,
In Massachusetts (pious state),
In Godly fear, with love waxed bold,
And witches burned, chained to a stake.

Yet all their lore could not drive out
At once the soul destroying curse;
They burn, they preach, they sing and shout,
And witchcraft rages, worse and worse.

No peace was had by day or night;
Mankind to horses oft' were changed,
And witches would till morning light
O'er mountains, lakes and plains they range.

One victim, worn and weary, told
His troubles to an old-time friend;
How he was ridden hot and cold;
His haggard looks proclaimed his end.

Last night was ridden nigh to death;
Far, far away, by witch bestrode,
And then when tired and out of breath,
Tied to a post beside the road.

And witches held their orgies dire,
With devils, imps and hideous frights;

They danced around the blazing fire;
They rode him back again that night.

To break the spell, the friend had thought
He'd name the post where he was tied;
He knew, he said, but yet dare not,
As harder yet the witch would ride.

Then said his friend, "one thing you do,
Just chaw the post when she's away,
And you'll be free, believe me, true,
She'll never ride you from that day."

The witch with bridle on her arm,
As soon as all was hushed and still,
Came to his bed and wove her charm,
And rode again far o'er the hill.

And after riding many a mile,
The tired horse was left to rest;
Was hitched beside a farmer's stile,
On which to gnaw he did his best.

He gnawed until his jaws did ache;
His teeth full many a mark had scored,
With ears laid back, he'd bite and shake;
He waked; he'd gnawed his own head-board.

And thus the witch was laid at last,
Her body for no burning pile;
The midnight ride and all are past,
And truth and reason can but smile.

PRAIRIE HYMN.

HOW beautiful our fields appear
In robes of richest green.
While incense sweet perfumes the air,
From flowers along the streams.
Rich, broad and fair
Our prairies are,
And beauteous to behold;
All decked with green,
The Emerald sheen,
Is richer far than gold.

Gay birds with plumage rich and rare,
Are singing night and morn;
While echo fills the balmy air
And on the breeze is borne
Their joyful notes
From swelling throats—
'Tis nature's sweetest praise.
The zephyr breeze,
Among the trees,
Soft murmuring whispers raise.

How soothing when life's troubles cast
Dark shadows o'er our way—
To find a holy charm at last,
In nature, blithe and gay;
Which lifts in love
To God above,
Our thankful hearts in praise,
While birds prolong
Their joyous song,
And choral anthems raise.

RESIDENCE OF A. J. GAULT

At Wheatland, Iowa, occupied by him from 1866 to 1901—remodeled in 1885.

Great God, to Thee, our thanks we give,
"From Thee all blessings flow,"
"The earth is Thine," and all that live
Should praise Thee here below.
Then when at last,
Our life is past,
And we are called to rise;
Take us we pray,
To "endless day,"
In "realms beyond the skies."

HEAVEN, HOME AND MOTHER.

HEAVEN and Mother and Home seem to be
Of all names the dearest and sweetest to me.
'Round the home of my childhood, and mother most dear,
Still my thoughts love to linger where the skies seemed so clear.

How oft' do I think 'mid life's troubles and cares
Of the days of my youth, and my loved mother's prayers;
Like a balm for the wounded, it soothes all my pain—
Take me back to my childhood and dear home again.

Oh mother, dear mother, God bless your grey hairs!
A crown never brighter no monarch e'er wears;
Like a halo of glory each lovely lock gleams,
Like a gem sent by Heaven, so holy they seem.

'Tis forty years, mother, since I was a child
And stood at your knee, then so thoughtless and wild;
Yet still I remember your kindness and care,
Your sweet, loving counsels, your pure evening prayer.

Oh mother, dear mother, you tried in my youth
To train up your child in religion and truth;
To fit him for manhood, dear mother you strove—
Heaven bless you forever with peace from above.

LIFE'S A SHADOW.

DESTROYED and broken like a bubble,
Fleeting, transient as the mist
That rests upon the rose's bosom,
Ere yet the sun the blossom kissed.

All bright it seems to look upon;
Like roses, sparkling here and there,
Yet in the rose beneath its petals,
May lurk a worm all hidden there.

Beneath its petals, deftly hidden,
Gnawing at its inmost heart,
Sleeping 'neath its seeming beauty,
Till from its stem the blossom parts.

So in life—though all look happy,
Though faces smile and all seem gay,
Within, a hidden grief may fester;
Life's bubble bursts, the soul's away.

SHAMS.

HOW easy 'tis to sham in life,
To strut around and look so bland—
As if you owned 'bout all you saw;
But that you know is but a sham.

You may think I'm in earnest now,
And want to pick a flaw in man;
But that's not so, you plainly see;
For life is nothing but a sham.

We're shamming when we make believe
We're better than our fellow man;
Or when we try to make folks think
The like of us can never sham.

The politician on the stump
With windy speech tries all he can
To make folks think his party's right;
But he's an unmitigated sham.

And they who christian virtues preach
And fault find with their fellow man;
If they don't practice what they preach,
They're surely nothing but a sham.

And if we try to write in rhyme,
And do the very best we can,
There's always some one to find fault;
But we think that is but a sham.

But if "backbone" you have to "grasp",
And with "lawyers grapple", and you can
"Editors" defeat and "merchants", too,
Perhaps you are no little sham.

'Tis well that something all can be—
Just follow out dame nature's plan,
And let her take her wonted course;
You're not to blame then, you're no sham.

For all mankind created were
To carry out some plan;
Some to live an honest life,
And some to live a sham.

And now, perhaps, (but who can tell,)
That in the "spirit land's"
The only place where we can go
And never meet a sham.

WHAT IS FRIENDSHIP.

TRUE friendship, like the lily fair,
Though grown in stagnant pools of water;
Presents a beauty, purer far
Than ever graced a Peri's daughter.

True friendship—Heaven born feeling,
Thinks no wrong against a friend;
Stops at nothing to befriend him,
Firm and steadfast to the end.

Like a plant which blooms perennial;
Gather to-day its blossoms rare,
Then to-morrow, thither wending,
Find plenty yet and some to spare.

Then let Christ's holy Golden rule,
Make all our thoughts and actions true;
As we'd have others do to us,
Let us all now to others do.

*THE SLEIGH RIDE.

'TWAS on one winter's evening, to you the truth I'll tell,
A party went a sleighing with music of the bells;
With horses harnessed gaily, their hearts quite full of glee,
They listen to the ringing bells which jingled merrily.
Out upon the prairie, out upon the prairie,
Out upon the prairie—jingled merrily.

There's music in the sleighbells, there's music in the sleigh;
In B——l's voice there's music, and in the horses neigh.
The air is full of music, the stars are shining bright;
It was a happy party rode out that starry night.
Out upon the prairie, out upon the prairie,
Out upon the prairie—rode out that starlight night.

The editor and lady by invitation came,
The printer was invited, you know the leader's fame.
He loves the gayest company, he's the gayest of the gay,
He's always bland and smiling and childlike in his way.
Out upon the prairie, out upon the prairie,
Out upon the prairie—childlike in his way.

*NOTE. This poem was written by Mr. Gault for a young lady to read before a society which had offered a prize for the best poem describing a sleigh ride. The poem took the prize and as far as known has never before been published.

And now they reach the homestead, way
out among the hills;
They leave all care behind them, nor
think of paying bills,
For that they think is cared for by one
that's "up to snuff";
Such trips before he's handled and came
out well enough.
Out upon the prairie, out upon the prairie,
Out upon the prairie—he came out well enough.

He's great at financeering, to get such parties up,
He's skilled in invitations, to breakfast, dine or sup;
To go with him you're welcome, he wants
the room to fill;
But those who are invited must foot the little bill.
Out upon the prairie, out upon the prairie,
Out upon the prairie—must foot the little bill.

MORAL.

Now my advice to each one who would a riding go,
Look out for speculation, and go a little slow;
Just reckon the expenses before the party starts;
Make up your mind that each one must
play a manly part.
Out upon the prairie, out upon the prairie,
Out upon the prairie—must play a manly part.

CHARMS OF WINTER.

WHEN hoary winter, cold and drear,
His angry blasts sweep o'er the plain,
While storm clouds gather o'er the sky
And frost congeals the ponds again;

'Tis then, when all around is cold
And fleecy snow its mantle spreads
O'er hill and dale and prairies broad,
O'er nature's green, all brown and dead.

And yet with plenty in our homes,
While friends around our fireside meet
In friendly chat, to sit awhile,
With friendly wish each other greet;

And talk of scenes and days gone by,
Or listen to the little feet
That patter, patter o'er the floor
And cheer our heart with music sweet.

And lifts our mind from earth's dull care,
From trial, strife and grief and woe,
To happy scenes of joy and bliss;
To "God, from whom all blessings flow."

'Tis then our thoughts will wander back
To days when we were young and gay;
When we were coasting down the hill,
Beneath the moonlight's silver ray;

Or mounted on our gliding skates
And swiftly circling o'er the ice,
We'd bless cold winter for its charms,
It's fun, its frolics and fire-side nice.

When we were young and singing school
Met in the country school house brown
A mile or two, perhaps, away
Through fields and woods, up hill and down.

Now, when our chores at night were done
And stars shown brightly, cold and drear,
We'd start for school with lively step,
Our voices ringing loud and clear.

Or else we'd take the public road,
Old "Dobbin" hitched between the thills,
While we beside—somebody sat,
And listened to—the ringing bells.

But when we're homeward bound, perhaps,
Beside the smiling blue-eyed miss,
Behind the veil, sometimes we'd take—
Now could you blame us?—take a-peep.

Those days to us are past and gone;
Oh, happy past, when friends were warm.
We think and smile and think again
Of happy winter's dear old charms.

THE WHIPPOWIL.

HOW charming 'tis when nature sleeps
And all around at rest and still;
To hear that bird (remembered yet)
The lonely whistling whippowil.

Whippowil, whippowil, he sings
And sits before the cottage door,
While list'ning to those thrilling notes
Thought takes me back to days of yore.

When by my mother's chair I sat
And listened to her pleasant voice
In kind words soothing all my woes,
And adding to my hopes and joys.

How oft' I've sat at eventide
And gazed upon the far off hills;
Reclined beneath the old elm tree
And listened to the whippowil.

My wayward, boyish thoughts would rove
Into the far off, unknown time,
When I would cease to be a boy,
And stand erect in manhood's prime.

I longed, oh, how I longed to face
The unknown future as a man;
Go forth into the busy world,
To live to labor and to plan.

To make myself an honored name,
To be an honored, happy man,
Filled all my thoughts and boyish dreams,
And governed all my boyhood plans.

The time has come—a man at last;
I bear my part of earthly strife;
My boyhood hopes have vanished all,
Before the toil and cares of life.

And now, when eighty years have passed,
My thoughts keep wand'ring, wand'ring still
Back to my early boyhood days,
When e'er I hear a whippowil.

Whippowil, whippowil, he sings
Before the log built cottage door;
I longing listen for that sound
And wish again for days of yore.

And wish again for youthful sports
For father, mother, wishing still
And for my loved school boy playmates
And for that same old whippowil.

THE APRON SO WHITE.

OH Sadie's as fair as the sweet rose of summer,
Her step is as light as the soft summer breeze,
Her voice is as sweet as the lute's softest murmur
Or the warbling of birds in the green leafy trees.
The earth seems a garden where e'er she rambles,
With overwhelming love my heart softly trembles,
While gazing upon the beauty that resembles
The angels of God, in her apron so white.

Her hair is as black as the wings of the raven,
Her brow is as pure as the white drifting snow,
Her eyes are as bright as the bright stars of heaven,
And her soul is as pure as the etherial blue.
With graces of Hebe, her features adorning,
Her smile sweeter far than the rosy hued morning;
My poor heart will break while my love she is scorning,
As fondly I gaze on that apron so white.

Her presence beguiles the sad soul from its sadness,
Her smile cheers the mourner and dries the sad tear;
Sorrow is banished, and love, joy and gladness
Reigns all supreme when her sweet voice we hear.
Sparkling from eyes where tears once were flowing,
Bright happy smiles, while the bright orbs were glowing,
And love fills the heart with happiness o'er flowing,
As fondly we gaze on that apron so white.

LONG AGO.

I am thinking, only thinking
Of the happy days of yore
When I sat at morn and noontide,
Happy at my mother's door.

I was listening to her kind words,
Spoken soft in accents sweet;
Listening to my sisters' prattle,
While sitting at my mother's feet.

Many are the days I've squandered
In those happy times gone by;
When in youthful joy and gladness,
All seemed like a summer sky.

Pleasure seemed in every sunbeam,
Youthful hopes in me arose.
All the world I then called friendly;
None at all seemed to be foes.

But life's cares had not come o'er us,
As they did in after years;
I was bouyant, gay and happy,
E'en when my mother "boxed" my ears.

I love to think of youthful pleasures,
Although age has seared my brow;
I love to think of happy school days,
And wish that I could have them now.

But three score years and twelve are numbered,
Gone, all gone my childhood dreams.
Soon the reaper, Death, shall call me;
I see the signs, know what they mean.

PUT ON AIRS.

SOCIETY seems the queerest thing,
It seems, I do declare,
That from mankind they'll stand aloof
If they don't put on airs.

No matter if in trade or work
You've been upright and square,
You're far away behind the times
Unless you put on airs.

If you've been rich, and feted much,
(As rich folks often are,)
And by some chance have lost your wealth,
You'd better put on airs.

Suppose in vice, or trade you lost
Your fortune—I declare,
If twenty-five per cent you've paid,
Why, then, just put on airs.

Society will take you back;
Then it's no more than fair
That independence you should show
By fine and fancy airs.

If you by some mishap are poor
And must have dresses rare,
Why, run in debt for what you want;
Be sure to put on airs.

And when you walk the street in town
Assume the air—who cares;
The world owes me a living yet,
I'm bound to put on airs.

True honesty in word or deed
May pass with some quite fair;
But if you really would succeed,
You'd better put on airs.

You'll be invited out to dine—
Invited everywhere,
If you've a smooth and oily tongue
And if you put on airs.

But if in lecture you'd succeed,
Dear friend, I here declare,
You must not seem so common like—
You have to put on airs.

Though lofty talent you possess,
And rich your topics are;
You never will succeed in life,
Unless you put on airs.

*WHAT I DREAMED.

'TWAS night—all cold and still and calm;
Bright shone the moon with silver ray;
The stars their mystic courses ran,
Held in their course by God's own hand,
Did thick bestud the milky way.

In dreams my vision left this world,
And roamed through regions in the sky;
I saw the stars in chaos whirl,
The sun was from its center hurled;
All nature did with terror cry.

*NOTE. Mr. Gault was offered quite a sum of money by a religious sect if he would allow them to use this poem as a divine prophecy of the end of the world but he declined the offer.

And flames of fire flashed o'er my head;
The earth to me seemed hot as fire;
The moon did melt and drop like lead;
The ocean, too, did leave her bed,
Did from the face of God retire.

The lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Athwart the red hot burning air;
And o'er my head dread thunders roll,
Yet far above and o'er the whole
I heard the shout of joy or prayer.

I thought God's judgment day had come;
I saw the dead in Christ arise;
I saw the Saviour, God's own Son,
With all His holy angels come;
And hallelujahs filled the skies.

And while 'twas raining fiery sleet;
While thunders roll and lightnings gleam;
I rose, with others, Christ to meet,
And then, while kneeling at His feet,
I woke, and found 'twas but a dream.

THE DOWNHILL OF LIFE.

IN the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining
May my fate no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow chair can afford for reclining
In a cot that o'erhangs the wide sea.
With an ambling pad pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighboring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill.
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow;
I would share with my friends what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade, too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
With a small patch of ground for the use of the spade, too,
And a barn for the use of the flail;
With a cow for my dairy, and a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I would envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honors await him to-morrow.

And when I at last, must throw off this frail cov'ring
That I've worn these three score years and ten;
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;
But my face in the glass I'd serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow,
For this old worn out stuff that is threadbare today,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

OUR OLD HOME.

WHAT happy feelings fill my mind
When thinking of that one lov'd name,
And going back through years of time,
From age to youth, through manhood's prime,
I see the old home once again.

The dear old home among the trees,
Where in my youth I used to dwell;
And sitting by my mother's knee,
List'ning to stories told to me;
My very heart with raptures swell.

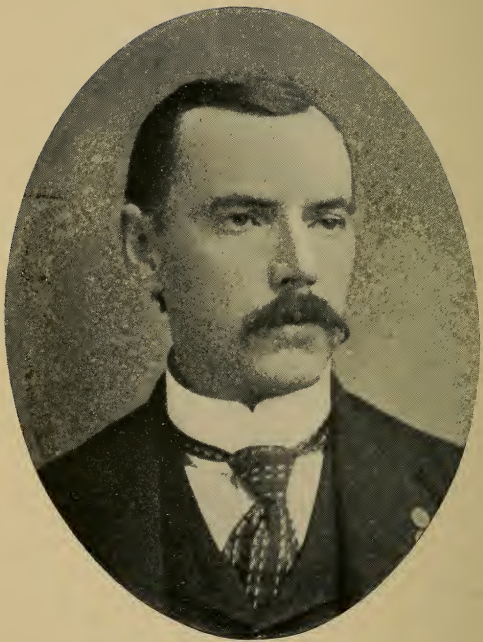
I seem to see my mother dear,
Her smiling face, and hear her voice,
And sometimes think she hovers near;
And seem to see the falling tear
She shed for us, her wayward boys.

That mother's counsels ne'er forget;
In youth and manhood our best prize.
Each holy word I'll treasure yet,
Till I must pay my final debt,
Till death shall come and close my eyes.

Though toil and strife fill all my days,
And care and trouble never cease,
My boyhood's home I'll ever praise;
My own poor harp shall breathe its lays
And fill my soul with joy and peace.

In boyhood days, youth's happy morn,
With joyous pranks and youthful glee,
With laughter clear as hunter's horn,
From morn till night, through brake and thorn,
We've frolicked, my playmates and me.

'Tis pleasing yet, though years have passed
Since last we met in youthful prime,
When 'mid dark scenes of life I'm cast,
To think of her—the bright eyed lass
I vowed to love as long as time.



A. W. GAULT.
Compiler of this Volume.

I love to think—I love to dwell
On scenes of home and boyish glee;
Those two bright melting eyes that fell
Whene'er my love I tried to tell,
Have still a holy charm for me.

Oh, give me back my boyhood dream,
My childhood's love and happy home—
The thought makes earth a heaven seem;
My very soul with rapture teems,
Make all my woes a hecatomb.

But why should I wish back the past?
Why wish for friends and joys gone by?
The world's before me, let them pass.
Enjoy the present while it lasts,
Meet them in realms beyond the sky.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

WHILE winter's cold blast sweeps over the plain
And all white the ground is with snow;
'Tis sweet to look back on the days of our youth,
And think of the times long ago.

We love to remember the scenes of our youth
When mirthfulness filled all our days;
When happy as birds that from bough flit to bough;
Were our playmates and us in our plays.

On the steep hill-side, 'midst its thickets of green
The squirrel we chased to its tree,
Or in the deep glen from the rip'ling brook,
The speckled trout caught in our glee.

I love to remember those seasons long passed;
The beautiful mornings of spring,
When the sun and the rain spread over the ground
A carpet of emerald green.

Where the violet peeped from its green grassy bed,
And the blue bird and robin so tame,
Made vocal the air with their music so sweet
As they sat on the fence by the lane.

I love to remember the sweet summer-time,
The balmy bright mornings of June
When nature seemed singing its praises to God,
And our heart beating time to the tune.

The cool, leafy bowers, on the hill side, in glen
Held a concert of birds on each tree,
Whose music so sweet made my heart throb with love
As we listened, my playmates and me.

I love to remember the mid'-summer time,
The meadows where strawberries grew;
Where the tempting red fruit beneath the green leaves
Displayed their red cheeks to my view.

But dearer to me than the berries so sweet
Had the soft cheeks of—somebody grown,
That my heart throbbed with joy when she gave me a smile,
And I wished I could call her my own.

But years have passed over us, weary and sad,
Fraught with pleasure, with sorrow and pain;
The cold frosts of age has weakened our steps,
And we wish it were summer again.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

OH, dear to my heart was my own little Mattie,
His sweet childish prattle and innocent glee;
And nothing on earth could make me more happy,
Had God in his mercy still spared him to me.

He's gone to the grave, in the cold ground he's lying;
The dear little cherub that once pleased my heart.
Oh, with my bereavement my own heart seems dying—
So soon with my loved one in sorrow to part.

Oh, great was my sorrow when on his bed lying;
The dear little creature so tortured with pain,
Looked up in my face and I knew he was dying;
I thought that his dying, to him, would be gain.

Yes, death was his friend and forever in glory,
His spirit shall live in the bright realms of peace.
Then why should I sorrow, he's but gone before me
And soon shall I meet him where sorrow shall cease.

Oh, weep not for Mattie, in heaven he's singing,
With Christ and his angels he tunes his sweet voice;
With anthems celestial those mansions are ringing,
With Jesus forever such cherubs rejoice.

Then weep not for Mattie, though hard was the parting;
He's not dead but liveth forever on high.
When sorrowing tears from your eyelids are starting,
Think the spirit's immortal; it never can die.

How happy the thought that when earth and its sorrow
Are passing away we've a Saviour above,
Who calls us today, not to wait till to-morrow,
To submit to his will and accept of his love.

Who took little children, in love to his favor,
And promised them heaven and life evermore.
All glory to God and to Christ our dear Saviour,
We'll praise him again when we leave earth's dark shore.

WINTER, LOVELY WINTER!

HOW beautiful our streets appear
In robes of spotless white,
While now the cool and bracing air
Fills all with new delight.

Teams passing to and fro along,
Merry drivers singing,
While horses prancing gaily on,
And merry bells are ringing.

Oh, winter—such a charm in thee,
Cold as thou art and frosty—
We'd "feel like one now left alone,"
If but once we lost thee.

Your snow has drifted cold and white;
No garment could be fitter,
For like pure gems in diadems,
Your frosty diamonds glitter.

To think that equatorial lands
No winter can enjoy,
No sleigh bells ringing in the air
No singing girls and boys.

No sleighing trips on starry nights
In sleigh so nice and warm;

No wrapping up in furry robes,
Defying cold and storm.

But in their orange groves they roam
At morning, noon and night,
But of the white and glist'ning snow
They never get a sight.

Give me the winter with its snows,
Its sleigh bells ringing clearly,
A cosy home amid' the trees,
A wife to greet me cheerily.

BATTLE OF TOURS, A. D. 732.

IN Tours a noble building stood,
'Twas in Carl Martel's day,
The pride of all the Christian world—
There Christians went to pray.

They came to hear the gospel preached,
They came from far and wide
To hear described that awful scene:
The Saviour crucified.

They brought their gifts of contrite hearts
Before the holy shrine
And bowing low, proclaimed aloud
"Oh God, Thy will, not mine."

And offerings, too, of richest gifts
Of gold and silver bright,
And precious stones and diamonds, too,
Bright as the stars of night.

Oil and myrrh and frankincense,
And India's spices sweet,
And robes of richest fabrics wrought,
And sandals for the feet.

And wonderful its riches were,
Most wonderful its fame,
For far abroad o'er all the earth
Was heard St. Martin's name.

Mohamet's horde of robbers heard—
They who'd victorious been,
O'er all the earth for many years—
The warlike Saracen.

Who made their boast that o'er the cross
The crescent flag should wave
And all the Christian world should be
The Moslem's abject slave.

And Abd el Rahman led the band
Well armed with spear and lance,
The countless host of foot and horse,
O'er conquered fields advanced.

With victory flushed, with richest spoils,
The turbaned hosts that day,
Defied the Christian's living God,
And shouted for the fray.

To conquer the Basilica,
The holy shrine of Tours,
And conquer, too, the Christian's faith,
And crush its growing power.

But good Carl Martel and his band
Of steel-clad warriors brave,
Well armed with battle-ax and spear,
The Christian banner wave.

And rallied 'round the holy cross,
To conquer or to die,
Those giant northmen bold and true
Await the battle cry.

Soon Abd el Rahman's ringing shout
Of "Allah Akbar," came,
His Moslem horsemen fiercely charge,
As whirlwinds scour the plain.

But like a wall of steel they stood,
Carl Martel and his band,
Their ponderous blows of battle-ax
With dead soon strew the sand.

And far above the din of fight
Is heard the Moslem's cry,
And still the Christians firmly stood
And smote them hip and thigh.

And full three hundred thousand men
Of Abd el Rahman's band
Were made to bite the dust that day,
By Christians' good right hand.

And only fifteen hundred men
Of all those heroes brave,
Who fought for home, for God and right,
Were laid low in the grave.

And there the boasting infidel,
The Koran, too, did fall
Before the Bible and the Cross,
And Christ shall rule o'er all.

THE OLD STILL.

THE old still stood in days of yore,
Beside the road along the river,
And gathered 'round its open door,
The farmers sit and chat together.
The generous whisky flowed a stream,
From copper worm it was distilling,
'Twas called as nice as richest cream—
To drink it, all were very willing.

The deacon drank, the parson, too,
Beside the ever flowing fountain,
And as all drank, the loud "helloo"
Would echo o'er each hill and mountain.
And while the old their stories told
To groups of young who'd sit and listen,
They'd pass the generous flowing bowl
Till tongues were loosed and eyes would glisten.

Old Tom, whose head was silvered white
With age, the village rostrum mounted;
His three-score years and ten sat light,
And yet those years were fully counted.
His step was firm, his arm as strong
As when on Bunker Hill he shouted
"Death to tyrants!" "Down with wrong!"
And three times freedom's foemen routed.

We youngsters feared the white-haired man;
He told so many tales of wonder,
Of Indians and the "Tory clan,"
And talked of war and Britain's thunder.

Old Tom would mount a barrel head
And all the crowd would gather 'round him
And listen well to what he said
When old time deeds recounting.

How he had fought the savage foe,
Had cleared his fields from rocks and timber,
Had breasted winter's frost and snow
And camped at Valley Forge all winter.
One summer day, 'twas July Fourth—
Just forty years ago last summer—
A crowd had gathered 'round the porch
With Joe and Jim, the village drummers.

It was on Independence day,
And gathered 'round was everybody,
To sing and shout and dance and play
And drink a little whisky toddy.
Full many in that crowd had stood
With Tom, on fields of martial glory,
With Washington, the great and good,
Had marched o'er fields all red and gory.

With music soon the hills resound
And many voices join the chorus;
"Long wave our flag with glory crowned;"
Our freedom's emblem o'er us.
Ere yet the sound had died away,
Among the mountains and the valleys
Were gathered soldiers, old and gray,
To show with muskets, how they rallied.

Now shoulder to shoulder they stand
While belching fire their muskets rattle;
With weapons firmly grasped in hand
They show how they charged in battle.

Tom told how Putnam left his plow,
His oxen in the furrow, feeding;
Then drew his sword to show us how
He struck for home and country bleeding.

And as he talks, a youthful fire
Flashed from his eye, his broad chest swelling,
He feels again the battle's ire
As he heroic deeds is telling.
"Hurrah for liberty!" he cries,
And 'round his head his hat is flinging,
And cheers for freedom rend the skies,
While high o'er head the flag is swinging.

That shout shall ring among our hills
While loud our freemen's muskets rattle,
To guard that flag from every ill
Should foemen dare to give us battle.
When Independence day had passed,
The people homeward all returning,
Tho' some too oft' the bowl had quaffed,
Yet still, like friends, all discord spurning.

The old and young enjoyed the day;
All knew quite well they had a right to.
They eat and drink and sing and play
And have a jolly dance at night, too.
And thus the years would speed around;
All knew the prize which they had wrested
From England's king, by vassals crowned,
Whose armies they in battle worsted.

Rich fields they saw were all their own,
Green hills and mountains, plains and valleys,
All, all were their's and their's alone,
And to defend them each would rally.

But I forgot the still which stood
Beside the road along the river
Whose banks are shaded deep with wood,
Whose waters flow unceasing ever.

Old still, a thriving trade you drove,
Your hottest fires were always burning,
You furnished drink that many loved
And cheap you sold, a penny turning.
You furnished liquor which was good—
The deacons and our preachers bought it,
Both rich and poor, each one who would,
Could fill his bottle, if he brought it.

But drunkards then were seldom seen,
Though people drank so very willing,
You'd not found out the strychnine scheme,
Your price per gallon was a shilling.
But now you're gone, you're rotted down,
Your worm and boiler rusted over,
And men must buy the stuff in town
And never can a man keep sober.

I mean a man who drinks at all,
At forty rods the stuff would kill him;
And then the price—it does beat all,
A gallon now costs forty shillings.
Oh! for the times, the good old times
When the old still stood by the roadside;
They had no drugs to make high wines
To dump mankind with a hot broadside.

A DREAM IN NEW ENGLAND.

IN the still watches of the night
When all nature was hushed in sleep,
The silver moon shone sparkling, bright,
The skies were studded o'er with light,
The stars their silent vigils keep.

At peace with all the world I was,
My head its downy pillow pressed,
My thoughts on nature, nature's laws
And nature's God—the great First Cause
Who formed the night to give us rest.

And in this mood my eyelids fell
And balmy sleep was o'er me spread,
When o'er my mind there seemed some spell;
A something that I'll try to tell,
With wonder seemed to fill my head.

I thought I saw a wondrous bird—
It seemed a bird and something more;
And then a mighty voice I heard,
Like silvery trumpet, every word—
I thought I'd heard that voice before.

These are the words it spake that night:
"Arise, poor mortal, from thy sleep,
And take with me an airy flight.
To far off lands we'll speed to-night,
O'er lofty hills and valleys deep".

"I'll show you where for honest worth,
The man's respected, rich or poor.

No aristocracy of birth
Controls the face of mother earth;
The latch string's out at each one's door."

Thus spake the bird, prepared for flight—
Astride its neck I was, it seemed,
And up among the stars so bright,
That light our way with crystal light—
But this, you know, was but a dream.

New Hampshire's rock-bound granite hills,
And Massachusetts' sandy beach,
Vermont's green mountains, rocks and rills,
Were left behind, with all their ills,
As farther west our flight had reached.

When first in view the Empire State
Appeared, I thought our journey done.
This to my guide I intimate;
He turned to me and thus he spake:
"Dear sir, our trip has just begun."

And thus on bouyant wing we sped---
O'er mountains, lakes and winding streams
Our flight had passed, and from her bed
Aurora wakes and smiling, sheds
Around us now her golden beams.

Now spake the bird in accents sweet
As from his flight his wings he closed,
"This is the land where you will reap
A rich reward, and ever meet
A friendly greeting—none are foes."

I saw the land was broad and fair,
Its rolling prairies with grain teemed,
Farm houses dotted here and there,

And flowery groves perfumed the air—
A very paradise it seemed.

When I awoke, the bird had flown
And I astride the bed-rail sat
Within my little room at home;
I strained my eyes to pierce the gloom—
I 'woke and found I'd dreamed all that.

So firmly fixed upon my mind,
So vivid and so very clear;
I strove at once that land to find—
I left New England far behind
And journeyed on without a fear.

The self same journey once again
I took—it was by land this time—
I passed o'er mountains, lakes and plains
And found the wond'rous land again
In fair Iowa's lovely clime.

THE PRAIRIE FIRE.

SEE yonder o'er the rolling ground
Where earth and sky the vision bounds,
Iowa's prairies sweep away,
Until at last the god of day
Seems sinking on the prairie's breast.
His rays in red and purple gleam
Across the skies in blended streams,
And soft and sweet the west winds blow,
While in the grass, so shrill, yet low,
The cricket chirrups in its nest.
The katydid among the trees

Chants loud its notes upon the breeze
And far away we hear the howl
Of prairie wolf;—the lonely owl
Hoots from the deep, dark woodland dell.
Far, far away into the night
The day has passed, and soft twilight
Gives place to darkness deep and drear
And all night, sounds come to the ear
That seem to ring a funeral knell.
'Tis deep midnight—the rolling fields
Are hid in gloom, yet naught reveals
The storm that shall ere yet the day
Grass, shrub and wild flowers sweep away
And leave a black and dreary waste.
Far out upon the prairie stood
Our humble cottage, by a wood
Or pretty grove of cherry trees
Which sheltered from the cold north breeze,
Or furnished fruit for us to taste.
The sultry summer sun had passed,
The autumn days were waning fast,
Our crops had all been gathered in
And made secure in house or bin,
Preparing for a snowy shroud.
Though many days shall intervene
Ere winter's clouds and snows are seen,
To make all safe while autumn lasts,
'Gainst prairie fires, amidst the grass,
Wide strips of ground are plowed.
'Tis Indian summer now, the grove
A gorgeous colored dress has wove—
Pink, red and purple, brown and green
A scarlet and a silver sheen—
The gay result of early frost.

The prairie grass, the autumn sun
Had turned from green to somber dun.
The quail's shrill whistle, sounding clear
Proclaims that winter's drawing near,
With wind and storm and tempest tossed.
The clock strikes twelve—the night is sweet,
But I can neither dream nor sleep.
The mingled hum of many sounds
Borne on the breeze from all around,
Entice me out to take a walk.
I step outside—the southern sky
Was brightly red, and blazing high
Long lines of fire afar were seen
And faintly heard, were dismal screams
While deer and wolf would by me stalk.
While nearer now and nearer still
The fire comes rolling o'er the hill,
And in the distance, sparkling bright
As camp-fires on an autumn night,
While dense black smoke in masses roll.
Now rushing headlong o'er the plain,
Like warriors o'er a field of slain;
Now low flames creep behind the grass,
Then up again, as if to grasp
The earth and air within their fold.
No living thing within its range
Disputes its march across the plains;
But fly to reach the river's brink,
Or deep morass, perhaps, to sink.
They scream and howl with fear and dread.
Wild birds in countless hundreds fly
Bewildered, 'neath the lurid sky,
With palsied wing they drop—they're dead—
The goose, the swan, the sandhill crane,

The mallard duck, with pinions straine,
Strive hard to pass the awful wall
To find their nests again, but fall
Into the burning, seething mass;
The prairie wolf, the buck and doe,
The stately elk and buffalo
Have for a safer covert broke,
And fled before the heat and smoke,
To woodland dell or deep morass.
Far distant on the blackened heath
Black buzzards gather for the feast.
No wolves dispute their horrid prize,
Which scorched and blackened 'round them lies
Where by the red waves they were strewn.
Far as the eye discovers land,
Fire meets the view on either hand.
The roaring flames hold mighty sway
From deep midnight to break of day,
Nor cease their burning at high noon,
But leaping, sparkling, rolling on,
Darting and flashing, charge upon
The dry and withered autumn grass.
With race horse speed each point they pass,
A living, scorching wall of flame.
Now swiftly rushing through the vale,
Darting along, the hillocks scale.
With ceaseless roar the flames arise,
While smoke is driven o'er the skies
'Till noon-day sun is dark again.
And now they near our humble cot;
With fire and smoke the air is hot.
While from that awful wall of fire
The forked tongues with vengeful ire
Strive to o'erleap the new plowed ground,

And draw within its scathing flame
Our homestead with its cribs of grain—
But safe we stand—thank God we're safe!
Outside the ring, the fiery wave
Still rushing, fiercely circles 'round.
The raging fire has swept away
The gorgeous fields of yesterday,
And leaving but a vast expanse
Of blackened heath, they yet advance,
Engulfing all with vengeful ire,
The shrub, the tree, the grass, wild flower,
Alike shall wither by its power.
Till where a stream of water glides
And binds its raging, fiery tides
And end this rhyme and prairie fire.

SEQUEL TO PRAIRIE FIRE.

THOUGH fiercely burned the raging flames
Long time ago, across our plains,
Ere yet a plow had turned the sod,
Or by the white man's foot been trod,
Where freely roamed the Indian wild,
The cruel savage—nature's child;
Where roamed in herds the buck and doe,
The stately elk and buffalo.
Free as the air they roved and ranged
Across the wide extended plains.
In after years the empire's star
Rolled westward with triumphant car
And on its wing Progression came
Subdued alike, wild beast and flame,
And winding o'er the prairie green

White covered wagons of't were seen.
In lengthened lines they move along
With joyous laughter, shout and song
In white men's voice in merry glee
Proclaim Iowa's destiny.
The timid deer starts from its bed
Beneath the willow, lifts its head
To gaze upon the unwonted scene.
Now passing o'er the prairies green
A stately buck with antlers crowned
The warning gives, and all around
The herd starts up with timid cries
And for a safer covert flies.
But see that little puff of smoke
That from behind a wagon broke.
The rifle speeds its leaden ball
And down the antlered monarch falls.
The herd of deer has fled away
Like dew before the god of day.
But one lies low, stretched on his side—
Most noble game, the hunter's pride,
Whose savory steak will make, we fear,
A supper for the pioneer.
The waning sun's far down the west,
The emigrants prepare for rest;
Their weary teams are left to graze,
The men have gathered 'round the blaze
That ready hands had learned to build,
To broil the game the marksman killed.
Each, hungry from the hard day's toil,
Prepares to eat the hunter's spoil,
While rich and juicy venison drips
From forked sticks for turning spits.
And on the greensward, nicely spread,

The table cloth, and snow white bread,
They gather 'round in happy mood,
And each partakes of welcome food.
They talk of scenes their journey through;
Of what they've done and mean to do
When they shall reach their chosen spot,
To plow the ground and build a cot.
And as the parents look with joy
Upon their sons, each stalwart boy,
They thank their God and yet, again
They thank Him for Iowa's plain.
They see beneath the waving grass
A soil the world can not surpass;
And in their mind they now behold
The farmers' plow that turns to gold
The rich and fertile prairie soil—
A rich reward for honest toil.
This picture ope's before their eyes,
They eager grasp the glorious prize.
They now retire within their tent,
With their fair prospect well content.
The morning sun had hardly tinged
The azure sky, with golden fringe,
Ere they were out to find the spot
To use their plow and build their cot.
Close by a brooklet, fringed with trees,
That sheltered from the cold north breeze,
The log built cabin soon appears;
The air resounds with happy cheers.
And now the farmer's skillful hand
Prepares to cultivate the land,
And cause Iowa yet to be
The garden of America.
Those times have passed; to-day we stand

A model for all other lands;
The first in war to do our part
With soldiers brave, whose loyal heart
Ne'er quailed beneath the battle shock;
But firm as old Olympus rock,
'Gainst treason, stood a living wall.
At Grant and Sherman's bugle call
They bravely faced the cannon's mouth,
Whose brazen throats the traitor South
Bade speak their treason through the land.
Ah! then Iowa nerved her hand.
Here heroes drew the battle blade;
No fear of death was on them laid,
But firm as everlasting rock,
On blood-stained fields they met the shock
Of serried host, and nerved their arm
To fight for Union, home and farm;
And our loved Union stands to-day
The pride of great America.
And freedom's banner long shall wave
O'er freemen's homes or heroes' graves.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

SEE, the storm clouds gather thickly,
Pile on pile they heap their forms,
Lightnings flashing sharp and frequent,
Portend a fearful thunder storm.

See them looming dark and fearful
O'er the heavens, far and wide;
Black as night, their dismal caverns
Where the rolling thunders hide.

Now the lightnings swiftly darting,
Cleaves the air whti sudden flash;
Hark! the storm king's voice is speaking
In the thunder's deafening crash.

Winds come winging from their caverns,
Telling of the monarch's power,
Who in the black clouds gathered o'er us
Rides and rules the stormy hour.

Now the lightnings flash incessant,
Now the thunder nearer rolls,
Till the earth and air seems warring,
And chaos seems to rule the whole.

Yet the clouds come rolling onward;
Darker yet, each mass appears,
While the rain descends in torrents
Filling all with dread and fear.

Each moment now the storm increases,
Brooks become a raging flood,
Wild winds sweeping, thunder rolling,
Pales each face and chills the blood.

But 'tis past, the storm is ended,
The sun looks out in smiles and tears;
All nature's filled with joy and gladness,
Gone are all our doubts and fears.

So in life—though cares surround us,
And trouble meets us in our path,
Destroying peace by disappointment,
The raging storm will cease at last.

Though friends forsake us in misfortune,
For some worldly thought of gain,
Leave us to mourn their selfish friendship,
Yet may our hopes be bright again.

Though now the way looks dark before us,
We find no friend or resting place;
Still beneath the clouds around us,
Always hides a smiling face.

LINES TO A LOST FRIEND.

DARK my way is, drear and lonely—
Not one ray of cheerful light
Breaks upon our lonesome journey—
All is dark as cheerless night.

Once when clouds had gathered o'er me
And my way seemed desolate;
Groping through life's cares and sorrows,
Struggling 'gainst my wayward fate.

For one friend my heart was longing,
One kind friend was all I asked,
To whom I could in manly kindness
Turn and find a friend at last.

Like a meteor from the heavens,
Or like the lightning's vivid glare,
O'er my soul so sad and lonely
Shone a bright and beauteous star.

Lighting all my steps with splendor
Brighter than Aurora's beams,
Making all my days like sunshine,
Filling all my thoughts and dreams.

And looking far into the future,
With that kind friend to be my guide,
Life seemed like a pleasant summer—
Roses bloomed on every side.

The world, the scandal loving world—
With friendship in the balance placed,
Would overbalance kindly acts
And make true friendship but disgrace.

Dashed to earth, the lights extinguished,
Darkness reigns and gone my dreams;
Lonely, weary, now I languish
Dark and drear all nature seems.

When gathering clouds the sun obscures,
And darkness reigns o'er earth, supreme;
The lightning's vivid, blinding glare
With sudden flash lights up the scene.

Then darker yet all nature seems—
And louder yet the thunders roll,
While thicker yet the clouds o'erhead
O'er spread the earth from pole to pole.

So seems my life, since what I prized
Above the richest gift of God,
Is taken from me—let it pass—
And let them lay me 'neath the sod.

I strove for friendship pure and true;
By friendly gifts I sought to gain
One friend—with gifts, Oh, God, 'twas naught—
To give my soul would be in vain.

But at the holy bar of God,
Where every act and every word
Are written down for good or bad
Kind gifts and acts will then be heard.

The rich, the poor, the high, the low,
Each word, each act, each thought or deed
Shall meet a full and just reward
When face to face we all shall meet.

God judges man—though not as mortals
From selfish motives, judge mankind—
Let outside show—but glittering tinsel,
Pass for gold by fire refined.

But sterling worth with Him's the standard;
A heart to feel for other's woe
Is of more worth in heaven's mansions
Than all the gold the earth can show.

Then let our acts be ever honest,
Be to each other true and kind;
We'll then, when met for final judgment,
A balance in our favor find.

THAT COMET.

WELL, here I am you plainly see
With friends, but none so great as me,
In all my brilliant train.
In eighteen-twelve my way I took
Among the starry spheres to look,
And now I'm back again.

I've traveled many billion miles,
Past many wond'rous worlds I've filed
In this, my reckless flight.
But I'm astonished, quite surprised
To see such changes meet my eyes
As I see here to-night.

When first I visited this world,
From boundless space I had been hurled
By some o'er ruling hand.
By plodding stage coach traveled all,
No railroad trains I saw at all
In this, your fertile land.

Long years ago, three score and ten,
Your prairies broad, the "wild red men"
And buffalo controlled.
But now your fertile state I see
Has towns and cities great and free
And on fame's page enrolled.

With vast resources, great you stand—
Your farms the richest in the land—
You've schools and churches, too.
And enterprise—no second place
Contents you in your ceaseless race—
You will, you dare, you do.

Iowa, you have girdled o'er
With railroads, and the steam horse roar
And whistle's screech I hear.
You've harnessed lightning to the wire,
Flash 'round the world and never tire;
You'll harness me I fear.

You seem to think the world too slow;
Some faster way you mean to know—
You're seeking hard to find it.
You've harnessed steam and lightning, too;
The comet next you'll take, I know,
And hitch the world behind it.

I'm sixty million miles away,
But here I surely dare not stay
For fear of some disaster.
No telling yet what may be done,
Inventors trying, every one,
To faster go, and faster.

Perhaps I may escape this time;
Can't tell though what I yet may find
As nearer yet I come.
In nineteen hundred fifty-six
When I return, I'm bound to fix
My tail so it will hum.

And then I'll go in such a flight
All through the bright and starry night,
You need not try to catch me.
May grasp a cloud, take lightning from it,
But you shall never catch the comet
And to the earth attach me.

WE'LL NE'ER BACK DOWN.

OUR Nation's Glory, not content
To call our realm a continent,
Would have the islands of the sea,
And make them all both great and free.
And Porto Rico, Cuba, Gaum,
The Philippines we'll take along.
All will respect the Stripes and Stars
For Old Spain no longer bars
The way to Freedom by their arms,
Nor frighten men by war's alarms.
Our vessels float on every sea,
And loyal men will all agree
They must be held, (as we opine,)
The western isles and Philippines.
We'll ne'er back down from what's begun,
While timber grows and waters run.

TO SOUTH CAROLINA.

OH, what are you about down there,
What are you doing now,
What do you mean to do alone,
To paddle your own scow?
You'll surely sink your fancy craft,
Although so loud you brag,
You'll either strike upon some rock,
Or run against a snag.

Oh no, Miss Carolina, dear,
It will not do for you
To make believe you're smart enough
To "paddle your own canoe."
The waves you'll find run mountain high,
Your trip will surely fail,
For in your path next March you'll find
A huge old pile of rails.

I think you'd better keep your place
Among the other boats;
We've seen you try it once before,
And know your ship won't float.
You'll make our captain mad bime-by
And that you know won't do.
He'll take and tie your vessel up
And flog its saucy crew.

The Constitution leads our fleet,
With sails of purest white,
And if we mind our helm with care,
She'll keep us all in sight,

And lend us all a helping hand
To keep our ships afloat,
And keep us off that rocky shore
Where you will wreck your boat.

We have a brave and gallant fleet,
When all wheeled into line;
We've thirty-four, we're building more—
I've counted Caroline.
Then let us all fall in astern,
Our flag ship lead the van,
And fair or foul, let's ever by
The Constitution stand.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

THE glad day is coming and soon will be here
Let the world all unite as one voice,
Let smiles deck each face, and dried be all tears,
Let millions with millions rejoice;
Yes rejoice! Oh rejoice; let the voice of all lands
In praises to God join and sing;
For the earth is redeemed by the blood of the Lamb
And death is deprived of its sting.

Hail, Christmas, hail; we welcome the day
When the Saviour of mankind was born;
Let us be happy, merry and gay,
Yes let us rejoice on that morn;
The angels of God sing a grand jubilee,
And the heavens re-echo the strain;
Let happy hearts thank the great One in Three,
That we live to see Christmas again.

L. of C.

Now winter hangs o'er us with frost cold and white,
And all frozen hard is the ground,
And the stars brightly shining proclaim a cold night,
While the wind whistles dreary around;
When in plenty we sit by our own fireside
Enjoying our Christmas once more,
Let us think life is short, let us freely divide,
And give, freely give to the poor.

IN DREAMS.

OFT times in sleep our fancy moves
'Mong craggy rocks and cloud-capped hills,
O'er wide spread fields and prairies green,
Or by the rip'ling sparkling rill.

And then we dream of war's alarms
And blood-stained battle scenes appear,
And 'round us scenes of carnage sweep
And groans and shouts ring in our ears.

And then again, with speed of thought,
Our wand'ring fancies change the scene---
We meet again in childhood's sports,
Upon the rustic village green.

With loved playmates, we wander far
Amid the groves and woodland dell,
And pluck the wild flowers, blooming sweet,
Down where the spark'ling waters fell.

And then our wayward fancy moves
In gorgeous halls and festive glee,
Where mirth and music chase the hours
And catch them as they swiftly flee.

We with enraptured senses list
To music sweet; and view the scene
Where youthful hearts beat high with hope—
We 'wake and find it but a dream.

THE WINE CUP.

OH, have you now with you a sunny cheeked boy
Whose glossy curls glisten like gold,
Whose music like laughter and sweet happy smile
Oft' gladden the heart of the old;
And brightens the homestead, makes hearts throb with joy
As bird-like he warbles a strain?
May God bless his childhood, and protect the boy
And keep him from sorrow and pain.

Oh, have you now with you a happy school-boy
Who, merrily skipping along,
Oft' stops by the hedge-row to listen with joy
To the sweet pretty summer birds' song?
No guile in his heart; he heeds not the time
Which passes so swiftly away
And takes him from boyhood to manhood's proud prime,
Or leaves him a blot on the way.

Oh, have you e'er seen him the sparkling cup drain,
When wine filled it full to the brim?
Then tell him, Oh, tell him the sorrow and pain
That lies deftly hidden within.
Oh, tell him, the wine cup with sorrow is filled
That thousands have drunk to their woe;
Health, honor and usefulness by it are killed
And from it all miseries flow.

THE TRAMP.

WHEN winter's cold blast sweeps over the plain,
The ground frozen hard, the air chill and sharp;
While snow beats against the cold window pane
And dreary winds playing on cold winter's harp;
Oh, pity the stranger, the wayfaring man
Who buffets the storm and the cold dreary frost.
Who begging his bread wherever he can,
Gets a good living at other men's cost.
Take him in, tenderly provide for his wants.
Be kind to the "stranger" and lighten his cares.
Have confidence in him, believe all his vaunts,
And "entertain angels" by that, "unawares."

SEPTEMBER.

THE month of September,
The richest and fairest,
Is here with fruit laden,
The sweetest and rarest.
Her stacks dot the landscape,
Both golden and brown;
Result of the sowing
By farmers around.
September—we love it,
And her "harvest home"
Makes the days all like sunshine
Wherever we roam.

W 13

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